THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

Vol. III OCTOBER, 1928 No. 3

Love's Labour's Lost

By Gideon A. Lyon

The youthful Shakespeare, newly come to town,
Sought fame and fortune in the Mummer's mart.
In Stratford had, in times not long agone,
Played troupes of actors, and, tradition tells,
This youngster now and then did give them aid.
So when, for reasons not for now in point,
This married youth to London town went forth
He sought these chance acquaintances of yore
And from them begged a place to earn his bread.

Some se'enteen score of years have passed since then
And mists of doubt obscure the present view. . . .
The present world is quite content to take
The final product of his fertile mind
And leave to miners for the unimportant ore
The question of his ways and means of life.

Just how he came to write is little known.
The members of his troupe had need of plays
And Shakespeare turned his ready 'prentice hand
Unto the task of giving them their lack.
The public taste was fond of gory themes;
Accounts of war, and tragedy, and woe
Were mainly sought, and so the youthful Bard
Turned to the pages of a gruesome past
And made a play of blood, . . .

Then, as demand continued from the troupe,
He tried his pen upon a diff'rent theme—
"Love's Labour's Lost," a title rich in thought,
A tripping name, beguiling to the ear,
A name, forsooth, that is far better known
Than is the play itself. . . .

Will Shakespeare as a lad had roved afield.
He loved the woods and leas of Avon vale,
The brooks and rills that fed the river's flow,

The fields of waving corn, the swards of turf,
The depth of shadows in the forest glades,
The bleat of sheep and low of grazing kine,
The prick of daisies through the turf in spring,
And, best of all, the happy laugh of girls
At work in furrows and in cots, whose eyes
He e'er rejoiced to catch as he went on
His way, with song upon his merry lips.

Small wonder, then, that when he came to write
A play quite all his own his heart went back
To scenes of youth, and to a theme of love.
For this was but a country lad, not yet,
If e'er at all, begrimed by London's fog.
He still had song and laughter in his soul
And sent it forth in this, his maiden play.

His plot was simple, just enough to set
In motion those he placed on stage to act
The story of a quickly broken oath
To live for three long years in strict retreat,
Aloof from womankind, restrained by law
From all the ribald pleasures of the flesh.
To eke it out in light mood he presents
A group of worthies, quaint and humorous,
Forerunners of his later clowns and gawks,
Who for diversion of the great do give
A play within the play, a frequent scheme
To please an audience of urban taste.

The land wherein this Ferdinand is King,
Where happen these events so blithely told,
Is styled Navarre. There was a land so called
In Shakespeare's time, from whence had come a King
Who ruled in France as Henry Fourth, a King
Who won the hearts of men, and women too,
By virtue of his mind and gracious mein.
But Shakespeare paints no portrait in this play
Unless it be in Holofernes' guise
He limns John Florio, so oft the butt
Of jesters of his day, a pedant grave;
And possibly the foolish Spanish knight
Was taken from a certain "Monarcho,"
A loose-wit who for years had hung about
The precincts of the court of Good Queen Bess.

No time is lost in setting forth the theme.
Upon the scene come Ferdinand the King

And courtiers three, the blithe and gay Biron,
Dumain and Longaville, all young in years.
The King, ambitious that his royal court
Shall be a "little academe", has drawn
A document which states the terms he sets
For gaining wisdom that will make Navarre
The wonder of the world for scholarship.
The edict has already been proclaimed
Forbidding women drawing near the court
On pain of loss of tongue—a hideous fate.
He now requires his friends to sign their names
In token of their vows as celibates
And fasting students of the lore of books.
Biron demurs that wisdom purchased thus
Is not the worth of effort so constrained,
But after banter which displays his wit
He signs, though pointing out that penalties
Such as the King decrees are too severe
For faults which are the fruits of Nature's laws.
He minds the King, also, a Princess comes
To traffic for her sickly Sire of France
For Aquitaine, a mission of import.
So Ferdinand, ere ink is fully dry
Upon the scroll of proclamation grave,
Is forced to waive the rule 'gainst womankind
And give unwilling order that she be
Received; but she must stay beyond the walls
And pitch her tents within the royal park.

An interlude of comedy occurs,
Wherein is shown a competition keen
Between Armado, silly knight, and clown,
One Costard, for a fair but fickle wench.
At once the stern decree is put to test
And Costard is remanded for the knight
To hold as hostage for his punishment.
So ends, with more in light and merry vein,
The first act of the five within the play.

Here, then, we have dilemma straight away—
An edict certain to be broken soon,
For it is clearly understood of all
That quickly will the darts of Cupid fly
And pinion hearts without regard for law—
Else wherefore should there be a play at all?
This is but simple plot, and so the Bard
Provides for Ferdinand and his three knights

A Princess and three maids of honor fair.
'Tis writ in Heaven that the eight shall love
And shall without a question find their mates.
But not all smooth the path to happiness!
For Shakespeare makes it known ere play begins
By that same title we have just discussed
That Love's endeavors will be all in vain.
And yet not quite in vain, as you will find
If you will read the text or see the play.
Much happens ere the Princess and her dames
Depart and give their answers to the swains
Who woo against their oaths and break their vows.

'Twould seem, indeed, as if perchance the Bard
Had almost travestied the theme of Love,
So lightly do these four gallants give way
And each with sureness finds a mating heart.
In plays of lighter vein in that far time
There was no search for complication deep.
How easy 'twould have been to mix the pairs,
Not by the tricks of masks and favours changed,
But by a shift of hearts and Love's design !
Shakespeare refrains from such devices here
In order that the plot may turn upon
The fickleness of men, not to their loves,
But to their vows to flee from womankind.
In this the women are the stronger sex.

The Bard makes merry with the King and those
Whom he has chosen for his academe.
'Tis true Biron is loath, unwilling quite
His nature to deny and try to bind
For sake of theory and learnéd books,
And yet he gives the King his hand in bond
To live a hermit life for three long years,
While scoffing at the role he thus must play.

'Tis but a vehicle of wit Shakespeare provides,
Wit of the lightsome kind that then prevailed,
A bandying of words like tennis balls,
Each player striving hard to keep the game
In action with a quick retort or quip.
There is no urgent purpose in it all,
No surge of passion, flame of ardour keen;
But back and forth go charge and counter-charge,
In verbal duel, much as fencers ply
Their foils, with pads to dull the pricking points,

With mask on face, and arms and hands encased.
No blood will flow, as those who watch well know.

'Twas custom for the folk of fashion then
To play with words in merry, mimic war,
And Shakespeare either followed suit to fit
The spirit of the time, or else was bent
Upon a satire on the ruling style of talk.
He put into the mouths of those who play
The parts of clowns and folks quite ludicrous
A strange array of clumsy puns and jests
About the meanings of the words they use,
Which may suggest that he with ridicule
Was treating of the current foppishness.

So, simple though "Love's Labour's Lost" may be,
It yet presents much matter for the mind.
As thus we find in Biron's mouth a speech
Which may be taken as the guiding theme
Of Shakespeare's thought on woman's worth to man.
No mere dramatic sequence draws it forth.
It is a preachment, clothed in wingéd words,
That eloquently states the Poet's mind
About the part Love plays in man's affairs.

"*From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*
They sparkle still the right Promethian fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes
That show, contain and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

"*Then fools you were these women to forswear,*
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for Love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the author of these women,
Or for women's sake, by whom we men are men.

"*Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,*
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfills the law;
And who can sever Love from charity?"

* * * * * *

The commentators on the Shakespeare plays
Do not agree on many issues raised
Regarding plot, or style, source, date or print.
Their controversies rage with none to serve

As judge in their dispute, for none can speak
In affirmation final on the case.
In one respect, howe'er, they are as one:
"Love's Labour's Lost" is not a worthy play,
When measured by the test of later works.
Had Shakespeare's fame depended all on it
He would have been remembered but as one
Who with a score of others scribbled plays
When British folk were ruled by Virgin Queen.
'Tis not a master's work in any sense;
'Tis not assured it won high favour then,
As played on Burbage's boards in London town.
No records are preserved that go to show
How that production met the public taste.
A few years later 'twas performed at Court,
Upon command of Queen Elizabeth,
At Christmas time, though 'tis not known how far
She and her courtiers gave it their applause.
Yet there is token that it ne'er again
Revived upon the boards in Shakespeare's time.

The play, indeed, was lost to public sight,
Save in the printed form, for many years.
In Eighteen thirty-nine, or twelve-score years
Beyond its birth, "Love's Labour's Lost" was named
By Madam Vestris as her op'ning bill
At Covent Garden, under her control.
A cast of actors rarely matched was named;
A rich and handsome setting was designed;
And yet the play did not attract the town,
And after nine performances it was
Withdrawn, and not for eighteen years was seen
Again in London. Then, with cast and scenes
That could not be surpassed it was once more,
By Samuel Phelps, produced, at Sadler's Wells,
And for a fortnight brief it held the boards.
That, save for now and then a single night,
Concludes its record on the British stage.

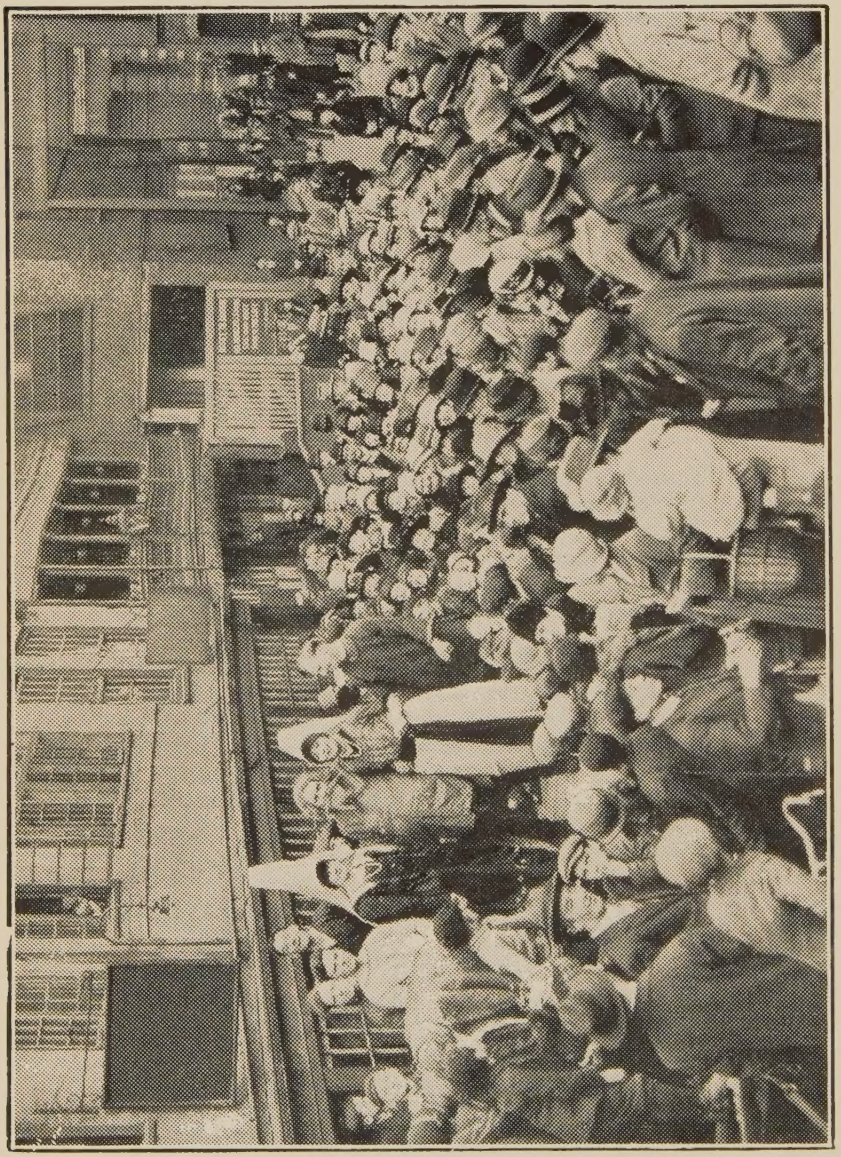
Here in America the tale is brief.
"Love's Labour's Lost," in Eighteen-fifty-eight,
Was played in two near cities with a score
Of music chosen here and there, no less
Than hybrid comedy in song, no whit
Akin to Shakespeare's play in very truth.
In Se'enty-four and Ninety-one 'twas played
With strict respect for august authorship.

Augustin Daly's wonder troupe each time
Essayed to win the public patronage.
Despite the brilliant casts and settings rich
It failed on both occasions. Strange to say,
The records in New York and London match—
Nine nights the first, two weeks the second time!
A few revivals on the road, and then
The Daly players dropped "Love's Labour's Lost."
Since then the western stage has known it not.

Of merry wit it has abundant meed;
And yet, for all of that, it does not win.
'Tis cherished as the Bard's initial plot;
'Tis read for signs of growing playwright skill;
'Tis studied as a record of the times—
And yet, as acting play, it does not win.

Thus stands the record. Now, the question comes,
Did Shakespeare in the title of this play
Foretell its doom as drama? Who can say?
'Tis plain that when he wrote it he was sped
With all the youthful zest of lover keen;
The courted Muse appeared to grace his suit
And smiled in favour on him at the time.
If 'twas love's labour lost that he did miss
The higher mark that later he attained,
It was not wholly lost, since we have gained
A vision of the youthful Shakespeare's soul.
He grew to mighty stature ere he closed
His book and laid aside his active pen.
This fledgeling play remains its tale to tell,
A merry story of his early mind.

Throughout the years all men have found the flame
Of Shakespeare's wondrous, ever-burning torch
A constant source from which they may ignite
Their own small tapers. Thus have I now dared
To catch a spark from that undying sun.
Perchance, this measure of my estimate
Of this, the Poet's first unaided play,
May tempt my hearers in their turn to seek
The inner spirit of his early work.
If not, then what I have indited here
Will be, in very truth, love's labour lost.



The Overian Players in the Yard of The George

A Shakespeare Pilgrimage in Southwark

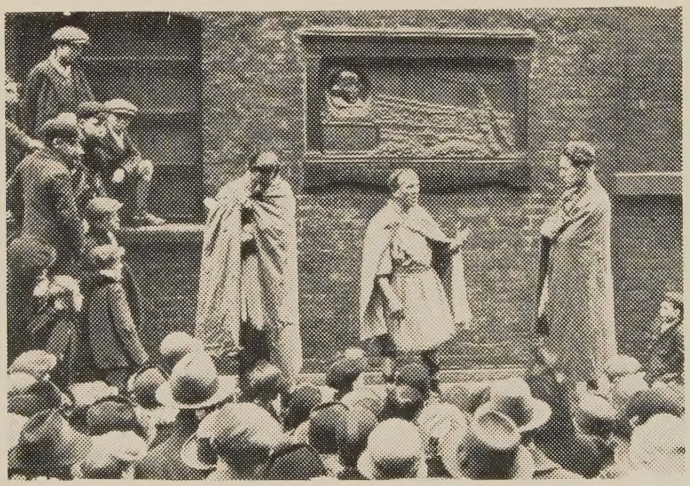
By M. Channing Linthicum

FOR the past seven years, a group of Shakespeare lovers have been celebrating his birthday on the Saturday nearest the twenty-third, by a pilgrimage to the sites associated with his life in Southwark, and a presentation of scenes from his plays. Outsiders are kindly welcomed and often take advantage of the privilege of joining the group for the afternoon. The pilgrimage, conducted by the Rev. T. P. Stevens, begins at St. Saviour's, better known as the Southwark Cathedral, with a service of the Lessons, prayers, and a talk. The Lessons are always read by a layman, usually a producer or prominent actor of Shakespearean drama.

The Cathedral, full of reminders of past ages, is a fitting place to start a Shakespeare pilgrimage. Beautiful windows depicting scenes from their plays or events in their lives have been erected to Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists or actors: Massenger, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Alleyn. Shakespeare sleeps in the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford; Beaumont, near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey; Alleyn, at Dulwich, in the Chapel of The College of God's Gift which he founded, but Edmund Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Massenger lie beneath the choir in Southwark Cathedral. Among the figures in the screen above the Altar is that of one of the characters of Shakespeare's Henry VI—Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, 1404-17, when he received the cardinal's hat, though not the title, owing to the request of King Henry V that he decline it. He had great influence over Henry V, and at the King's death was made one of the guardians of the infant Henry VI. Through his chancellorship he incurred the enmity of the Protector, Duke of Gloucester, who used every opportunity to injure "that imperious churchman." On October 30, 1425, the Duke persuaded the Mayor to keep London Bridge against Beaufort to prevent his entering the City, and the Duke's men and those of Winchester almost came to blows. They were later sworn before Henry VI to keep peace, and Winchester offered the Duke "Love for thy love and hand for hand," a scene presented by Shakespeare in Act III of *I King Henry VI*. Beaufort's death scene, as Shakespeare presents it, has, however, no historical foundation.

The next step in the pilgrimage is to a spot near the Cathedral where stood the great Winchester Palace, for over five centuries the London home of the Bishops of Winchester. Beaufort resided there, and later, Stephen Gardiner, another of Shakespeare's characters, occupied the Palace during the reigns of Henry VIII, and Mary, by whom he was restored after his deprivation by Edward VI. In the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral Gardiner presided over the court which tried the heretic Reformers. Warehouses now occupy the site of the lordly Winchester Palace, but a few reminders of its former grandeur—the wheel of a rose window, a gothic doorway, a few stones incorporated into the modern building—may still be seen occasionally by courtesy of the present owners.

From the former Winchester Palace courtyard, the pilgrim is led through narrow, dirty, winding streets, along the Bankside to one of the reputed sites of the Globe Theatre, now covered by a warehouse of the Ceylon Tea Company. At the top of the tall building, in foot-high gold letters, a sign reads: "1598 Here Stood The Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare 1613." Above it is now an electrically lighted board: "Hit the Deck. At the London Hippodrome." Whether one can infer from this juxtaposition of sixteenth and



Overian Players under the Tablet Marking the Reputed Site of the Globe Theatre

twentieth century reminders, a lack of sentiment for the past, or a disbelief in the probability of that as a site of the Globe, must be left to the imagination. Its proximity to the Thames embankment suggests that it was once a marsh and could hardly have been Burbage's building site in 1598.

The pilgrim passes on to Rose Alley, site of the old Rose Theatre, and then to the Bear Gardens. Somewhere near this narrow street was the famous "Beare Garden" of which Edward Alleyn became "maister" in 1616, "wherin be kept Beares, Buls and other beasts to be bayted. As also Mastiues in severale kenels, nourished to baite them." Shakespeare's reference to this sport rush to one's mind, and Machyn's account of 1599, when the French ambassadors dined with Queen Elizabeth, and "after diner—the quens Grace and the embassadurs stod in the galerie lokyng of the pastym tyll Vi at nyght."

From the Bear Gardens, the pilgrim enters Park Street, and under a tablet which marks the other reputed site of the Globe Theatre, he watches The Overian Players give a performance from Shakespeare. Until four years ago, this part of the program was in charge of the Oxford and Bermondsay Club of the neighbouring borough, but in 1924, a few residents of Shakespeare's parish of St. Mary Overie asked themselves, "Why should we let outsiders present these scenes for us? Why shouldn't we do it?" Accordingly, they formed a society with the object: "To perpetuate the memory of Shakespeare's association with the district of St. Mary Overie, Southwark." Thus far, The Overian Players have not given an entire play, but present each year one or more scenes from two plays. A complete play requires a larger cast than their membership affords; and since they defray their own expenses, for theirs is a labour of love, they are handicapped by lack of funds. Their stage is a lorry or platform wagon, and there are no curtains or scenery to enhance the effect. The pilgrim hears Shakespeare's lines, unadorned, simply and sincerely spoken, and Shakespeare's characters interpreted by the probable descendants of some of those characters. During the past four years the pro-

gram has varied: Midsummer Nights Dream, As You Like It, Hamlet, Richard III, Merry Wives of Windsor, Twelfth Night, Julius Caesar, and Othello.

The Secretary of the Overian Players, Mr. Thomas O'Conner, selects the actors and the full cast is submitted to a general meeting. Rehearsals are held twice a week, in the parish church hall, for some time before the performance. Evenings and Saturday afternoons are the only available times for rehearsals, for all the players are working men. They study their lines at all sorts of odd times; one, a chauffeur, learns his during the long waits in his car. Their costumes are almost entirely home-made. Members and their friends obtain ideas of costume from books, from old pictures, from professional performances which they have seen, and all assist in the making.

At the close of the first performance, the lorry, followed by the populace, drives off, bearing the actors to the next station—the yard of the old St. George Inn, known since the Reformation when even patron saints were disallowed, as The George. This old building, the sole survivor of Southwark's galleried inns, enables the pilgrim to get an approximate idea of the inns of Shakespeare's day. The original of that name, mentioned in 1554, was named by Stow, 1598, as one of the "fair inns" of Southwark. In the olden days when the way over London Bridge and through Southwark was the only road between London and south England, The George must have been an admirable place to "take mine ease in mine inn." The sixteenth century George was destroyed by fire in 1776, but rebuilt on the old plan. In 1889, the Great Northern Railway bought the property, and demolished all except one wing with its galleries. Passing through the narrow passage into the yard, the pilgrim can easily imagine himself back in Elizabethan days when he would have followed some strolling players, and stood in the pit glancing up to the galleries filled with the wealthy, and impatiently waiting for the play to begin. But the galleries are empty now; all the audience are groundlings—except a few small children, who, running after the lorry, have managed to clamber up and gain a coveted edge on the stage. The play concludes, the audience offers a small pecuniary expression of its appreciation, the actors depart, and the pilgrims slowly disperse, feeling as if they had awakened from a dream of used-to-be London.*

* I am indebted for some information in this article to Miss Annie Glover, Secretary of the London Shakespeare League; the Reverend T. P. Stevens, Succentor of the Cathedral; and Mr. Thomas O'Conner, Secretary of the Overian Players.

Contributors in This Issue

Gideon A. Lyon is Associate Editor of *The Evening Star,* Washington, D. C. For many years he has found time to take an active part in the literary and artistic life of the capital, having served as president of the Arts Club. A number of his plays have been produced in Washington.

As read before the Shakespeare Society of Washington the poem which we print was more than twice as long as the version here presented. In fairness to Mr. Lyon we make this explanation of the published form, which works sad injustice against his original poem.

M. Channing Linthicum is a member of the Department of English at the University of Iowa. She holds the degrees of A.B. and Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins and won the European Fellowship of the American Association of University Women for 1927-1928. Her special field is costume in Elizabethan drama. A number of Miss Linthicum's studies on this subject have been published in scholarly periodicals.

The Shakespeare Association Bulletin

Vol. II October, 1928 No. 3

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Editor

Published quarterly, in January, April, July, and October, by The Shakespeare Association of America, Inc., 15 Gramercy Park, New York.

Subscription rate, $1.00 per year, postpaid. Single copies, twenty-five cents.

Membership in the Association includes annual subscription.

All correspondence relating to the conduct of the BULLETIN should be addressed to the Editorial Office, 1901 F Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Other matters concerning the work of the Association should be referred to the Secretary, Miss Myra B. Martin, 119 East 19th Street, New York.

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NATIONAL elections are not the only important events which mark the month of November. It is the month of the supreme volume of the English tongue, published three hundred and five years ago. And because of that volume, which rescued and gave the world a full-orbed Shakespeare, our Association was founded. Five years ago, in November of 1923, a national demand finally found formal expression in the national society which invites every lover of Shakespeare to share its fellowship.

As the fifth anniversary of the Association arrives, we are naturally tempted to look back upon our efforts and recount the steps in our progress. But we shall not stop to rehearse achievements. A part of the story is recorded in the pages of past issues of the BULLETIN. Our eyes are rather on the future, upon the large work to be done, upon the opportunity which lies just ahead.

The immediate need of the Association is extension of membership. We earnestly hope therefore that every member will see in this need of opportunity.

* * *

It is a pleasure, on behalf of all our members, to welcome President Thorndike as he returns after a tour around the world. During the past nine months we have been deprived of his active leadership. As he now takes command again, we would assure him of our united support.

* * *

We are proud to record the recognition given to Dr. Tannenbaum's annual Bibliography by the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen.* This important scholarly journal expresses admiration for the novel and detailed classification of titles and for its wide range. In according "all praise" to this high service to the Shakespearean cause our German friends express our own sentiments.

* * *

To the new periodical, *The Shakespeare Review,* published at Stratford, we extend cordial greetings. As "A Monthly Magazine, Devoted to Literature and the Drama," according to its first issue appearing in May, its purpose is "to throw the utmost light upon the truth, and beauty, and enduring sanity of Shakespeare's works, that they may blaze as a beacon in the dark." To which purpose we would all subscribe with enthusiasm. All success to our new contemporary!

* * *

With a hearty welcome do we greet also the Stratford Players as they cross the Atlantic for the first time and start on their crowded itinerary across the continent. Their visit is the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream and inaugurates the expansion of their fine influence far beyond the local boundaries of Stratford. Coming with the prestige of unique associations they are assured of warm receptions. We know that local Shakespeare organizations will give them all possible assistance.

* * *

All members of the Association will be profoundly gratified to learn of the success of Miss Jessie Bonstelle's efforts to secure

The Challenge of Our Fifth Anniversary

WHAT does Shakespeare mean to America?

Our President made answer in his recent address before the British Academy, when he said:

"The American people, perhaps more than others, have sought in Shakespeare for what all have found, a revelation of humanity, beautiful in remote places and distant times, yet strangely like their own.

"We have sought, too, for what others have not always found, for buoyancy and optimism, for an uplifting beauty, for an enlarged and fortified courage, for a faith in the greatness of human effort. In Shakespeare we have found what we have sought, a renewing of our faith in man and his works."

We are proud to belong to the national Association dedicated to recognition and spread of this faith. We are eager to advance the cause of enlarging and deepening Shakespeare's influence in our national life.

This high aim depends upon an immediate increase in membership. Thousands of people throughout the country are waiting to be invited into the fellowship. Every member has friends and acquaintances who should enjoy the privilege.

Will you not help at once by sending their applications for membership to the Secretary, Miss Myra B. Martin, 119 E. 19th St., New York, and by sending names of others to the national membership Chairman, Mr. Arthur Heine, 26 E. 63rd St., New York?

The annual membership fee of $1.00 does not cover the cost of the Bulletin which every member receives four times a year. For those who feel unable to join the Sustaining class, another class of Maintaining membership with a $2.00 fee has been established. The annual membership will be continued, but old and new members are urged to become "Maintainers."

This is the opportunity which the Fifth Anniversary brings to every member of The Shakespeare Association of America.

a preliminary endowment for the Civic Theatre, "to be owned and operated by and for the people of Detroit." For some years she has accomplished notable work in producing Shakespeare not only for adults but also by and for children, and under her direction the city of Detroit will always be assured of adequate performances of the great dramatist. The ideals which she is realizing should be a model for every large American city.

* * *

The Secretary Hopes

That other professors and instructors will emulate the example of Mr. David Klein, instructor in English at the College of the City of New York, who has brought fourteen of his students into the membership of the Shakespeare Association.

* * *

The Way to Fortune

Again we call the attention of Shakespeare clubs to Mr. Wyrall's play, *The Way to Fortune*. As described elsewhere in this issue the Germantown Club found delight in producing this lively and attractive presentation of Shakespeare's departure from Stratford. The Secretary of the Association will be glad to send a copy of the script to any club. The privilege of production may be secured for a nominal fee.

Detail View of the New Shakespeare Garden at Plainfield, New Jersey

The Progress of the Clubs

The Garden at Plainfield

TO Mr. Howard Fleming, state membership chairman of New Jersey, we are indebted for the illustrations reproduced elsewhere in this issue and for the description which follows:

"The new Shakespeare Garden was laid out by the Shakespeare Club of Plainfield, New Jersey, in the beautiful Cedar Brook Park of that city, in cooperation with the Union County Park Commission, to signalize the forty-first anniversary of the active functioning of the club. The scene was a riot of color when these photographs were taken last September, not quite a year since it was first planted. All the flowers and shrubs that will flourish in this latitude and which are mentioned by Shakespeare are indicated by metal markers, giving the common name, the botanical name, and the play, act and scene, where they are referred to. At an early day there will be planted seeds, bulbs, cuttings and roots from the garden at Stratford-upon-Avon. The flower beds, or "knots," as they were called in Elizabethan times, are of different shapes, and are separated by grass walks. In the center on a pedestal is an antique sun dial with this inscription, 'Let others tell of storms and showers, I'll only mark your sunny hours.' At one end of the garden a rustic arbor is to be built, and on part of one side a paling fence for creeping plants will be erected. The boulder wall is already partly grown over with rock plants."

Mr. Fleming will be glad to give information about arrangements for the Garden to those who contemplate similar projects in their communities.

Plays and Programs in Germantown

THE program of the Germantown (Pa.) Shakespeare Club for the current season is coordinated by the comprehensive topic of The Renaissance and Shakespeare. Such plays as *Measure for Measure, Henry VIII,* and *Othello* will be studied in the light of Continental backgrounds, with special consideration of Petrarch, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Rabelais, and Montaigne, and of Spenser as an English representative of the Renaissance spirit. Particularly important will be the subject of Shakespeare and the Lure of Italy.

In addition to such literary study the Club presents each year some dramatic performance. Especially notable was the production of Mr. Everard Wyrall's one-act play *The Way to Fortune* in 1927. So successful was the first performance for members alone that it was repeated on Guest Day for a larger audience. Mrs. George R. Boardman writes: "It would be hard to secure anything comparable to Mr. Wyrall's play, either from a literary or a dramatic point of view. I am still so enthusiastic about it that I feel every Shakespeare Club which enjoys a program departing from the traditional yet faithful to Shakespearean standards should have it on their program."

During the past year the Club presented a one-act comedy play, *Drop the Handkerchief,* based upon the plot of *Othello* and written by one of the members, Mrs. Grace T. Stimpson. The play is generously offered to any other Shakespeare Club which desires a production of this character.

The Wellesley Semicentennial

A RECENT issue of the *Mask and Quill,* published by the Shakespeare Society at Wellesley, is devoted to the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization and the thirtieth of the artistic building known as "Master Will House." In explanation of the aims of the Society and its campus home this year's president, Miss Anne S. Hayward, wrote:

Panoramic View of the New Shakespeare Garden at Plainfield, New Jersey

"We want, first, to make the house a sort of workshop where everyone participates in the study of the art of Master Will. Thus, this year Seniors take a part in the Program Meetings, as well as the Juniors, and at one meeting each person contributes something, instead of only a chosen few, which generally took the form of a short report on a given topic.

"Again, other things than the dramatization of the plays are looked into. At one meeting a study in 'make-up' was presented, Falstaff being the subject. On two occasions we have been introduced to Elizabethan music, and with the approach of the spring play, we all hope to have a finger in the costume-pie.

"Our second aim is to create an atmosphere of hospitality and warmth for all those who come to our House. By studying the same subject each year, Shakespeare gains a continuity of thought and feeling which the other societies are not as able to have. But we are eager for an even stronger bond between the past and the present, and so we try to strengthen this by having our door open wide and our fire burning brightly for each and every Shakespeare member."

The celebration included lectures, a birthday party, a breakfast, and a performance of *Henry VIII*. For the latter, were printed on paper like parchment elaborate programs nearly three feet long, reproducing some of the type and ornaments of the First Folio. The whole college is to be congratulated upon the fine work of the Society during these many years, as reflected in the attractive pages of the *Mask and Quill*.

Shakespeare Day at Lakeside

FOR the third year representatives of the Federated Shakespeare Clubs of Ohio gathered, on July 17, to celebrate Shakespeare Day on the spacious grounds of Lakeside, the Chautauqua of the Great Lakes. About two hundred women attended the afternoon meeting to witness scenes from *The Taming of the Shrew* presented by members from Toledo, and they formed the nucleus of a larger, more general audience which heard the address on "Shakespeare and Democracy," delivered by the editor of the BULLETIN, in the evening. The presence of so many women from all parts of a large state is a significant tribute to Shakespeare, and the interest manifested in the program is evidence of widespread, highly developed appreciation of the dramatist in Ohio. Shakespeare Day has already become a permanent annual event on the summer program of this institution on Lake Erie, which ministers in notable manner to the cultural development of thousands of men and women.

New Shakespeare Prize in Wisconsin

PROFESSOR Gertrude S. Kingsland, of Ripon College, state membership chairman from Wisconsin, informs us of the establishment of a Shakespeare prize of twenty-five dollars by the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs in honor of Mrs. Lucy Smith Morris. For the past year the award was to be made to the student in Ripon College who showed the best knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare. This honor was won by Miss Alvina Meilke.

Brief Chronicles and Abstracts

Robert Mantell
1854-1928

ROBERT BRUCE MANTELL, one of the last survivors and by no means least distinguished members of that romantic and tragic school of actors which dominated the American stage in the last generation, was of Scottish origin, but of Irish education, and of English dramatic training. He was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, not far from the birthplace of Burns, on February 7, 1854, the son of James and Elizabeth (Bruce) Mantell. He attended school during his boyhood in Belfast, Ireland, where his parents wished him to study law. But he returned to Ayrshire and served as a wine merchant's clerk, and while thus engaged adopted the actor's career.

Because of his Irish education, he began with Irish parts, his first appearance being as the sergeant in *Arrah-na-Pogue*. This was at the Theater Royal, Rochdale, Lancashire, England, on October 21, 1876. Later, at the same house, he played Father Loolan in *The Shaughraun*. He played for a short time in the company of Miss Harriott, in Shakespearean drama, that lady's unusual qualifications leading her to impersonate such characters as Hamlet, Romeo and Richard III. Next he was with that sterling actor, Charles Matthews, and then toured the English provinces with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight.

During these two years of sound and useful training in England he was known only as Robert Hudson. Then, at the age of twenty-four, he came to America to seek more important parts and to play them under his own name. His first appearance here was as Tybalt in *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Leland Opera House at Troy, N. Y. In that play he had the inestimable privilege of being associated with Helena Modjeska, and he remained in her company for two years, receiving from her example and instruction an artistic impress which marked his entire subsequent career.

His native equipment fitted him admirably for the great tragic parts of Shakespeare, and he achieved success as Hamlet, Othello, Iago, Romeo, King Lear, Richard III, Macbeth, Shylock and other characters. He also was seen in *Richelieu, The Lady of Lyons, Louis XI, The O'Flynn, The Dagger and the Cross*, and *The Light of Other Days*. His work in such plays moved William Winter to declare of him, in *The Tribune* in January, 1909, that he was "the best tragic actor on the American stage." Soon after that date Mr. Mantell began in this city an extraordinary series of performances of *King John*, which the best critics regarded as probably the best ever seen in this city, if not, indeed, in the world. That production was the beginning of a repertoire which Mr. Winter said had not been offered on the American stage since the days of Edwin Booth and Henry Irving.

Under a contract of many years with William A. Brady he continued his presentations of the great Shakespearean tragedies and comedies, and other classics of the English-speaking stage, with a ripening and enriching of his powers which seemed almost exempt from the impairment of advancing age. —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

James Appleton Morgan
1845-1928

AFTER practicing law for some years Mr. Morgan retired in 1886 to devote himself to the study of Shakespeare. Among his numerous publications is the Bankside Shakespeare in twenty volumes prepared to support his theory that the First Folio was the composite work of many actors and stage censors who revised the texts of the original plays.

In 1885 he founded the Shakespeare Society of New York and from that year until 1925 he served as president of the organization. His devotion to Shakespeare made his career fruitful and memorable.

A City of Dreams

THE Stratford players will be sent all over the world. They will tour the United States and Canada. They will go to the Dominions. Mr. Bridges-Adams sees the Stratford theater no longer as a brave, poor thing, living from hand to mouth, but as a world-theater, rivalling and even far surpassing the great art theaters of Salzburg, Berlin, Munich, vienna, Moscow and Warsaw. He dreams of Stratford as something finer than Bayreuth.

I like this flash of audacity. The people of England must overcome their sloth and their sluggishness. They must meet the demands made upon them by these Stratford dreamers and visionaries. Otherwise they may find their Shakespearean heritage revitalized by the English-speaking peoples across the seas without their aid and without their help.

The new Stratford that is being created will be more than the world-center of dramatic art. All the other arts will flourish in it. It will be a seat of liberal learning. Another Winchester may grow out of Shakespeare's Grammar School. It has been growing already for five hundred years.

Winchester is the only school in England which rivals the Edward VI Grammar School in antiquity. It was built in 1428. When the present headmaster, the Rev. Cecil Knight, was appointed in 1914, there were seventy scholars. There are now two hundred and fifty. Mr. Knight is a great headmaster. He dreams dreams worthy of William of Wykeham.

The world owes Shakespeare to this ancient school. When it was endowed in 1482 by Master Thomas Jolyffe, the salary paid to the headmaster was equal to that paid at Winchester and Eton. No other school in England has produced a Shakespeare!

What a chance for a pious founder! The Guild Chapel is there, with the noble old timbered school. It is waiting to be reborn. If such a school stood in the United States or in Canada it would be the nucleus of a university like Oxford. No such foundations for a foundation of learning exist in the world.

These are the dreams I dreamed, these are the visions I saw, during my first visit to Stratford-on-Avon. The twentieth century has a chance to create a world-city that will be as noble as Athens, with Shakespeare as its presiding genius. The setting is unique. The traditions are unparalleled. On the banks of the Avon may rise a miracle of beauty that will endure for countless ages. All that is needed is the world-will to build the dream-city, not hurriedly, but deliberately, with all our resources of imagination, generation after generation. And Oxford is there hard by, as our model and our inspiration.—JAMES DOUGLAS, in *The Sunday Express*, London.

Modern or Traditional?

ALMOST every Shakespearean production in London nowadays raises in one quarter or another further contribution to a theory fast increasing in vogue among the younger generation of playgoers that the time has come to discard tradition altogether, in the presentation of Shakespeare, and to apply to his works practically the same standards and conventions, whether of costume or acting, that are recognized in the production of modern plays. One professional critic has even gone so far as to assert recently that "there is no modern acting, and there is no classical acting, but only acting, pure and simple, which is the re-creation and re-imagination of life as we know it."

Here is loose thinking, indeed; for, granted that, in view of the scarcity of outstanding figures, and of really fine speaking voices on our stage today, it may, perhaps, be desirable to make some compromise with traditional Shakespearean acting, and to obtain our effects, as far as possible, rather by intelligence and subtlety of conception and execution than by the grander, though cruder, methods of last century, the sudden total discarding of tradition would, nevertheless, be an impolitic piece of dramatic iconoclasm.

Shakespeare, presumably, knew exactly how his dramas should be played, so as to produce their maximum of stage effect; and Burbage and his fellows, who know it also, put their knowledge into practice, and passed that practice on to the next generation, hallmarked with the author's approval. Taylor —a player who had known Shakespeare, and had seen Burbage act—passed his knowledge on to Betterton, the greatest of the Restoration Hamlets; he to his successor in the part; and so on, in turn, through Kean, Macready, Fechter, Irving, to Forbes-Robertson, and the young Hamlets of today.

Any modern, therefore, who, ignoring the significance of these facts, argues that these men's methods, though suited possibly to the needs of their own generation, are not valuable to the present one, is, in this writer's judgment, carrying much too far the modern tendency to discard precedent and start afresh. Concessions may, and must be made to young players trained in a wholly naturalistic technique; and—as Miss Thorndike said recently to the writer—the grand Shakespearean manner should be attempted only by those to whom it comes naturally; but that is not to say that here should be a clean sweep with tradition.—P. A. in *The Christian Science Monitor.*

From the Far East

AMID "lootings, revolutions, evacuations, and other disturbances" Professor Malcolm F. Farley of the English Department of Fukien Christian University at Foochow, China, has found time to send this valuable evidence of Shakespeare's appeal to Orientals:

"For the past six years in my outline course in the History of English Literature we have read and studied in class and out of class from two to four plays of Shakespeare a year. In other Literature courses such as World Drama, Types of Literature, etc., we have always devoted some time and some study to Shakespeare. I have had the pleasure of introducing to the Chinese students of my courses twenty-two different Shakespeare plays which we have read and studied complete, not to mention that some of them we have read as many as four times in different classes. By unanimous vote of the students they enjoy reading Shakespeare more than any other writer of all the Masters of World Literature. They leave Shakespeare with a sigh of regret and they come to him again with enthusiasm, and this in spite of the fact that Shakespeare is not easy reading for them and especially in plays like *Henry IV*, parts one and two, which we read this year in one of our courses. Of all the plays we have read *Hamlet* is the most popular with the Chinese students. Next to *Hamlet* comes the comedies, *As You Like It, Merchant of Venice,* and others, and the tragedies, *Julius Caesar, Macbeth, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet,* and *Othello.* Through the past years I have made a practice of having copies of the complete works of Shakespeare on sale in the University book store. Even among students who are not in literature courses he is a best seller."

SHAKSPERE FORGERIES IN THE REVELS ACCOUNTS

BY

DR. SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM

Author of Problems in Shakspere's Penmanship, The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore, A New Study of Shakspere's Will, The Assassination of Christopher Marlowe

Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum proves that all previous studies of the famous Revels Accounts of 1604–5 and 1611–12 ("discovered" by Peter Cunningham about 1840) have been extremely perfunctory, superficial and unscientific; that the analysis of the government chemist was too trivial and superficial to be of any value, and besides, his report was misunderstood and distorted; that the documents are forgeries; that the purpose of the forger was to add to our evidence concerning Shakspere's popularity at the court of King James and to fix the dates of composition of some of Shakspere's greatest plays (*Othello*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, etc.). He also demonstrates that the much discussed "Malone scrap," by which it has been attempted to prove that Malone was acquainted with the contents of the questioned Revels Accounts, is a forgery and was "planted" in the Bodleian Library. On very substantial grounds he establishes the identity of the forger. The book then goes on to an investigation of two other important documents in dramatic history—the play-lists of 1636–37 and of 1638–39—and proves them both to be forgeries, the latter being probably a faked copy of a genuine (and now lost) original. Incidentally the notorious John P. Collier is convicted of forgery of several documents and no loophole is left for those who would maintain that Collier was innocent. The writer's arguments are supported by the presence of twenty-three full page collotype facsimiles and enlargements of the questioned writings.

"I have read Dr. Tannenbaum's SHAKSPERE FORGERIES IN THE REVELS ACCOUNTS and consider it the most important contribution to Shaksperian and Elizabethan scholarship that has been made for some time. Dr. Tannenbaum is the first to apply the technique of the handwriting expert to literary problems."

PROFESSOR ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

"I have been privileged to read, in advance of publication, Dr. Tannenbaum's SHAKSPERE FORGERIES IN THE REVELS ACCOUNTS and have no hesitation in declaring that I expect it to flutter Elizabethan dovecots and to revolutionize certain views now firmly held. It seems to me one of the finest pieces of scholarship that America has yet brought forth."

E. H. C. OLIPHANT, VISITING PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

"Dr. Tannenbaum has made himself a master of the science of Bibliotics, and whatever he may say about forgeries of early documents deserves the careful consideration of scholars. His investigation of the suspected Revels Accounts largely destroys the arguments of Law, hitherto accepted as conclusively proving the authenticity of the documents, and forces upon students of the drama a new consideration of the entire case."

PROFESSOR JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The edition of this book is limited to 500 copies. The price has been tentatively set at $15. Subscriptions are solicited at this time, as orders will be filled in the order in which they are received.

Columbia University Press

New York City

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THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

VOLUME 4, 1929

Reprinted 1963
By Permission
Of The Original Publisher

AMS REPRINT COMPANY
New York 3, N. Y.

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